THE

Moſt Honorable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinuile, Knight.

(·.·)

Bramo aſſai, poco ſpero, nulla chieggio.

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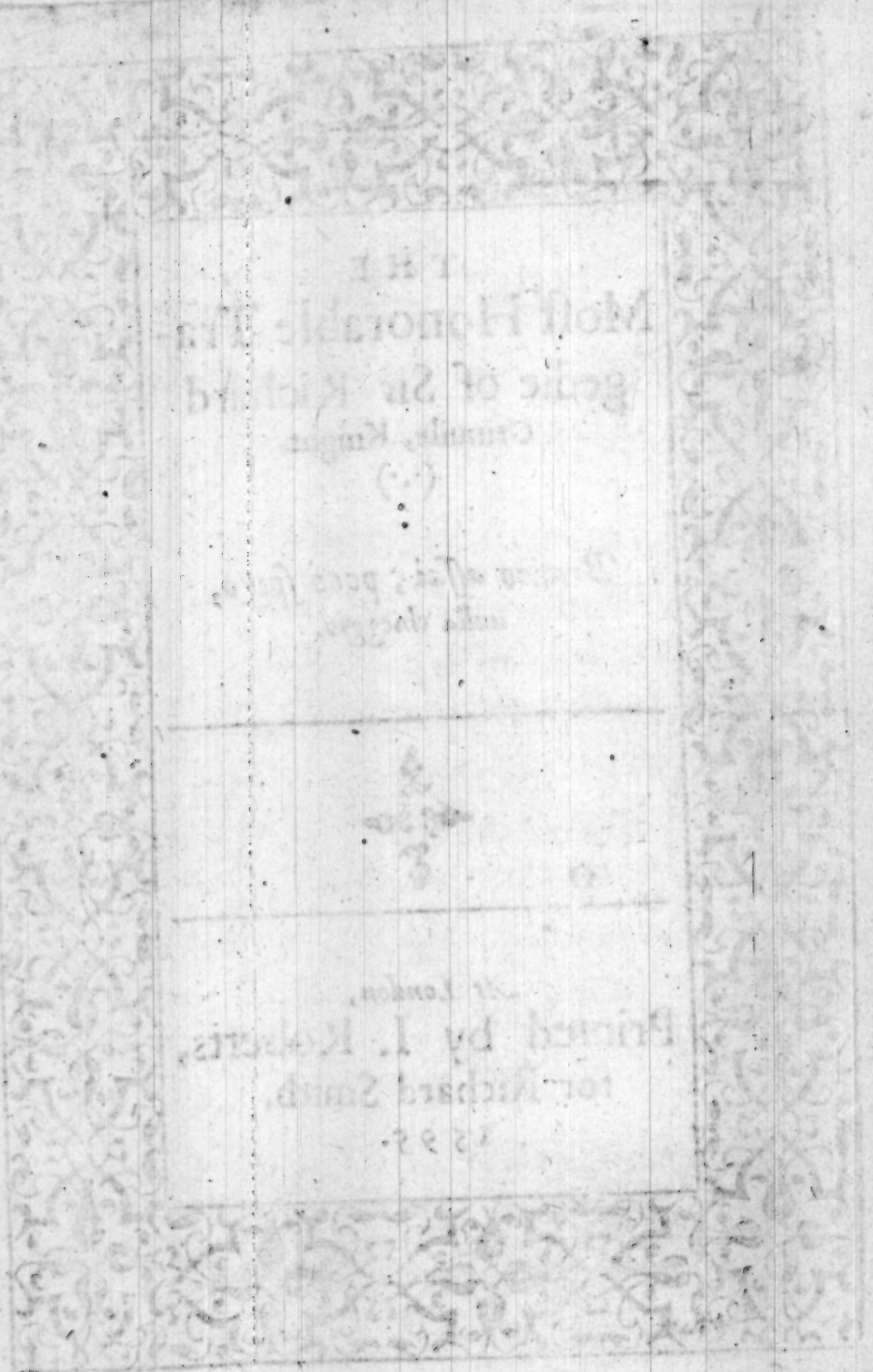


To the right Honorable his ſinguler good Lord, *Charles*, Lord Montioy.

THE zeale (moſt excellent Lord) which in my ſoule hath euer beene deuoted to your ſeruice, intangl'd with your honorable fauors to mine vnable deſeruings, hath giuen fier to my hart,& wings to my young-ling Muſe, to raiſe her leaden humor aboue the ordinarie pitch of her dull Anthems, and ſing of a ſubiect, the

height of whoſe action, might, if I had might, make my verſe moſt mightie, graunt then (renowned Lord) that thine eyes may lighten on my layes, and thy graces keepe from ſcandall my poore wydowed Orphan: pyttie renowned Grinuile, in his death-renowning hower, & excuſe his rough Poet, whoſe ſences are vnſhapt, for more ſofter melodie, ſo ſhall hee liue happie, and I vnfaultie; both ſatisfied.

Your Lordſhips eternally,

Ieruis Markham.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, Robert, Earle of Suſſex.

GReat Lord, to whom infinitiues of fame
Flock like night ſtarres about the ſiluer Moone,
That giueſt new fier to learnings late qüencht flame,
Sauing the Muſe by ſtonie times vndoone,
Let me finde fauour in thine honord ſight,
Daring my rimes vnto thy ſacred hand:
And whilſt their accents talke of valures might,
Yeeld them ſome ſplendour from thy valures brand,
Thou in their lines, they in thine eyes ſhall ſee,
Nothing but honors vncontrouled minde,
Thou lending, they exacting ſtill from thee,
Subſtance, that might to mightines doth binde,
And for his ſake whoſe praiſe my Muſe hath ſought
Fauour my worke, the image of thy thought.

I. M.

✣ To the right Honorable, Henrie Wriotheſly, Earle of South-hampton, *and Baron of Titchfielde.*

THou glorious Laurell of the Muſes hill,
Whoſe eyes doth crowne the moſt victorius pen,
Bright Lampe of Vertue, in whoſe ſacred skill,
Liues all the bliſſe of eares-in chaunting men,
From grauer ſubiects of thy graue aſſayes,
Bend thy coragious thoughts vnto theſe lines,
The graue frō whence mine humble Muſe doth raiſe
True honors ſpirit in her rough deſeignes;
And when the ſtubborne ſtroke of my harſh ſong,
Shall ſeaſonleſſe glide through almightie eares,
Vouchſafe to ſweet it with thy bleſſed tong,
VVhoſe wel tun'd ſound ſtills muſick in the ſphears,
So ſhall my tragick layes be bleſt by thee,
And from thy lips ſuck theyr etetnitie.

I. M.

To the honorable Knight, Sir *Edward VVingfield.*

WHen *Alexander* read *Achilles* prayſe,
VVith honours enuie, and a loftie hart,
He ſhed ſtout teares, in ruth ofſtonie dayes
VVhich to his acts no Muſicke could impart,
So all my all, eſſence of what I am,
Though our *Achilles* praiſe play in thine eye,
Feare not records for thine inrouled name,
VVhich ſhall out-liue immortall Poeſie,
A thouſand Sirens in the worlds laſt age,
Shall ſing of thee, thy valure, and thy skill,
And to their lines, lay Angells eares in gage,
With ſoueraign charmes ſent frō a ſoueraigne quill;
Meane while, vouchſafe to grace my worke & me,
Gracing the ſoule beloued of heauen and thee.

I. M.

The argument of the whole Tragedie.

SIr Richard *Grinuile*, lying at anchor neere vnto *Flores*, one of the westerlie Ilands of the *Azores*, the last of August in the after noone, had inteligence by one Captayne *Midelton* of the aproch of the Spanish *Armada*, beeing in number fiftie three saile of great ships,

ſhips, and fifteene thouſand men to man them. Sir *Richard*, ſtaying to recouer his men which were vpon the Iland, and diſdayning to flie from his Countries enemy, not beeing able to recouer the winde, was inſtantlie inuirond with that hudge Nauie, betweene whom began a dreadfull fight, continuing the ſpace of fifteene howers, in which conflict, Sir *Richard* ſunck the great *San Phillip*

of

of *Spaine*, the *Aſcention* of *Siuel*, the Admirall of the *Hulks*, and two other great *Armados*; about midnight Sir *Richard* receiued a woũd through the bodie, and as he was in dreſsing, was ſhot againe into the head, and his Surgion ſlaine. Sir *Richard* mayntained the fight, till he had not one corne of powder left, nor one whole pike, nor fortie lyuing men; which ſeeing, hee would haue ſunke his owne ſhip,

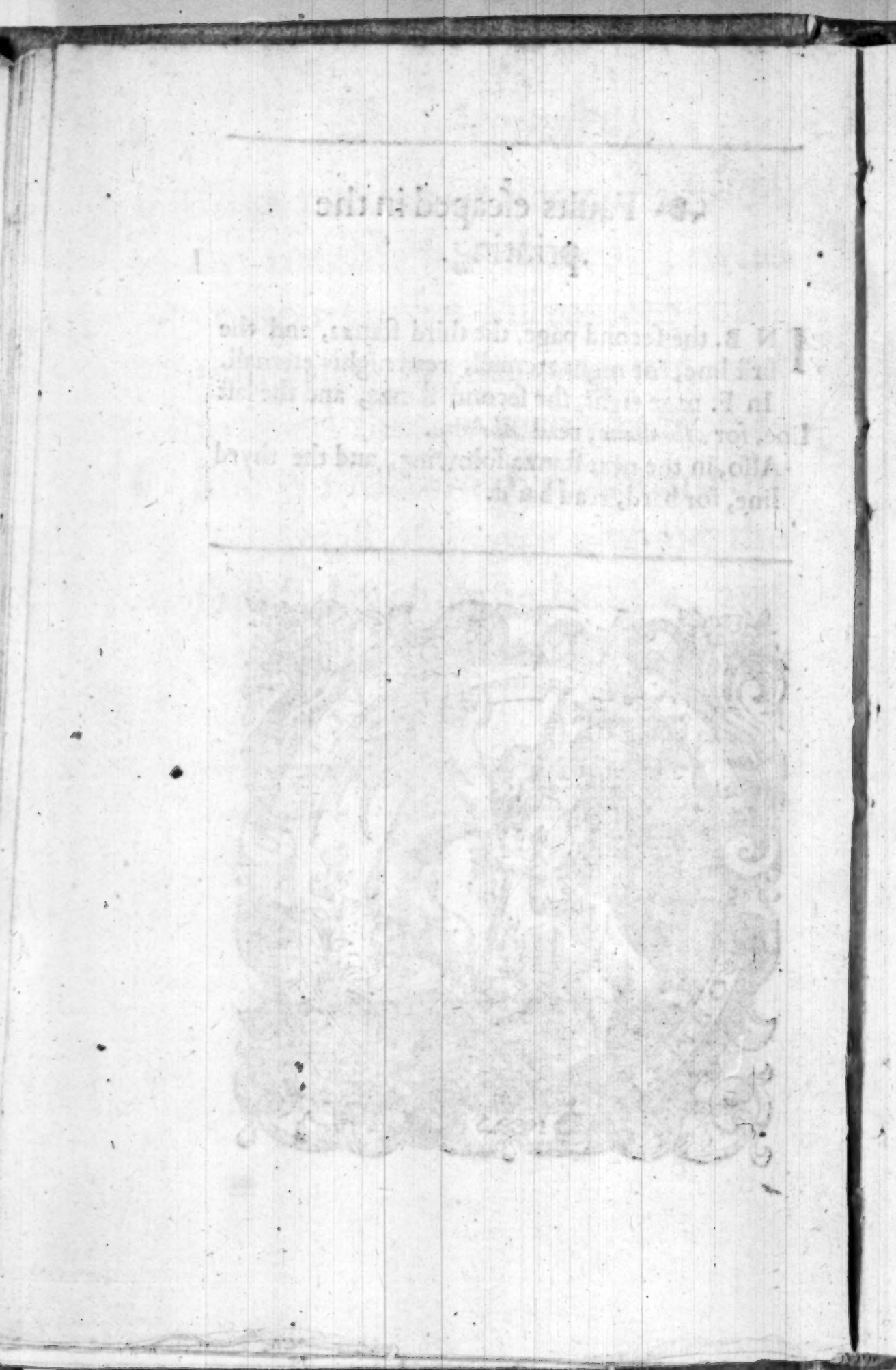
ſhip, but that he was gaine-ſtood by the Maiſter thereof, who contrarie to his will came to compoſition with the *Spanyards*, and ſo ſaued thoſe which were left aliue. Sir *Richard* dyed aboard the Admyrall of *Spayne*, about the fourth day after the battaile, and was mightelie bewaild of all men.

Faults eſcaped in the printing.

IN B. the ſecond page, the third ſtanza, and the firſt line, for night eternall, read nights eternall.

In F. page eight, the ſecond ſtanza, and the laſt line, for *Abrahams*, read *Abr'ams*.

Alſo, in the next ſtanza folowing, and the thyrd line, for bard, read bar'd.



¶ The moſt Honourable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinuile, Knight.

✻ To the fayreſt.

A Heauenlie fier is crope into my braine,
A heate diuine and all celeſtiall,
A burning furie ſpreads throgh euery vaine,
A turret-climbing thought maieſticall,
All theſe infuſe a ſpirit-giuing raine,
Vnto my humble wits great feſtiuall.
Whoſe reede vnpleaſing hermonie hath found,
Thus to transforme her into warlike ſound.

Of wonders, miracles, and famous chiualrie,
Of Honours Image, and of Vertues iarres,
(Things paſt beliefe, yet pure in certaintie)
Of Death dead-ſlaine by Death, of glorious ſcarres,
Of mortall, made immortall Dietie,
And all containd in Valures ſtaineleſſe warres,
My homelie Muſe ſtretching her oaten ſtring,
Vnlearn't to thunder, mildlie meanes to ſing.

Reſt thee dread boy, the night eternall Lord,
Faire feathered *Cupid* thy *Licænas* ioy,
Of thy tryumphant Chariot richlie ſtord,
VVith bleeding harts that breathing ſighes deſtroy,
Nor thee, nor of thy kingdome I record,
Nor louers teares, nor loue, nor loues annoy.
Nor ought that in the vaſt world may be found,
Where tears in ſighes, & ſighes in tears are drownd.

Fit

Fit ſubiects thoſe for Poets golden quills,
Such as haue trod the true *Pierian* race,
VVhoſe ſacred braines thoſe numbers tun'd diſtills,
VVhich giues conceit the child of heauen her grace.
But now this flame that all my bodie fills,
Is *Englands* weeping ioy, and *Spaynes* diſgrace.
Fearefull alarums, and the wet worlds ſacke,
Swells in my ſong, the Dirge for glories wracke.

To thee faire Nymph, my loue, my life, my gaze,
My ſoules firſt mouer, eſſence of my bliſſe,
Thought-chaſt *Dictinna*, Natures onlie maze,
Heauen of all what euer heauenlie is,
More white then *Atlas* browe, or *Pelops* blaze,
Compleat perfection which all creatures miſſe.
More louelie then was bright *Aſtioche*,
Or *Iunos* hand-mayd ſacred *Diope*.

To thee which neuer lifts thine eyes to heauen,
But harts of Kings are ſhowred in the ſame,
Fairer then Sunne, Moone, Starres, or Planets ſeauen,
True brand of Vertue, Honours liuing flame,
O thou whom hate adors, whoſe praiſe is euen
Matcht with the glories of the greateſt name,
Thou like thy ſelfe, or better much by ods,
Nere made without a Parliament of Gods.

To thee this labour of my Sunne-burnt braine,
Ill limn'd memorials of diuineſt rage,
I offer as oblations to detaine,
Thy life-inſpiring ſight, (my peaces gage)
From thoſe celeſtiall mirrors which remaine,
Obiects made happie in thy lookes ſuffrage,
Of *Grinuile*, armes and honors ſoueraigne,
My ſower Muſe ſhapes this Nectar ſeeking ſtraine.

Euen

Euen of that man and his almightie minde,
Boundleſſe like heauen in magnanimitie,
Conuerting all things of what euer kinde,
VVithin his bodie held ſocietie,
To glad-ſome ſtarres in cleereſt skyes aſſign'd,
VVanting but onely true eternitie.
Of him I ſing (*Faireſt*) but reade I pray,
Thine eyes makes happie, all ẏ thine eyes ſuruay.

And with her thou great Soueraigne of the earth,
Onelie immatchleſſe Monarcheſſe of harts,
From whoſe faire eyes iſſued the Muſes birth,
Murderd by Iron-age, and barb'rous darts,
Yeeld from thy beams plentie to my wits dearth,
That I may ſing valures almightie parts,
And Chronicle thoſe tropheys to thy throne,
VVhich from this Ile, and his great ſpyrit ſhone.

And thou deare *Soule*, the portraiture of Fame,
For whom *Ioue* made a newe fourth Hirarchie,
Of whoſe loſt drops millions of vertues came,
Extold in heauen beyond the third degree,
Now giue thy ſelfe a light in this ſelfe flame,
That thou maiſt liue beyond poſteritie;
And whilſt I of th'vnconquered conqueſt write,
Sit on my hand and teach me to indite.

The

The Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinuile.

THat time of yeare when the inamored Sunne
Clad in the richeſt roabes of liuing fiers,
Courted ỹ Virgin ſigne, great Naturs Nunne,
Which barrains earth of al what earth deſires
Euen in the month that from *Auguſtus* wonne,
His ſacred name which vnto heauen aſpires,
And on the laſt of his ten trebled dayes,
VVhen wearie labour new refreſh aſſayes.

Then whē the earth out-brau'd ỹ beautious Morne,
Boaſting his cornie Mantle ſtird with aire,
Which like a golden Ocean did adorne
His cold drie carcaſſe, featureleſſe, vnfaire,
Holding the naked ſhearers ſcithe in ſcorne
Or ought that might his borrowed pride empaire,
The ſoule of vertue ſeeing earth ſo ritch,
VVith his deare preſence gilds the ſea as mitch.

The

The ſea, which then was heauie, ſad, and ſtill,
Dull, vnapplyd to ſportiue wantonneſſe,
As if her firſt-borne *Venus* had beene ill,
Or *Neptune* ſeene the *Sonne* his loue poſſeſſe,
Or greater cares, that greateſt comforts kill,
Had crownd with griefe, the worlds wet wilderneſſe,
Such was the ſtill-foote *Thetis* ſilent paine,
VVhoſe flowing teares, ebbing fell backe againe.

Thetis, the mother of the pleaſant ſprings,
Grandam of all the Riuers in the world,
To whom earths veins their moiſtning tribut brings,
Now with a mad diſturbed paſſion hurld,
About her caue (the worlds great treaſure) flings:
And with wreath'd armes, & long wet hairs vncurld,
VVithin her ſelfe laments a loſſe, vnloſt,
And mones her wrongs, before her ioyes be croſt.

Thus

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Thus whilſt diuining ſorrowe ceaz'd her hart,
Grinuile (ô melt my ſpyrit in that name,)
As ſings the Swan her funerall depart,
And waues her wings, the enſignes of her fame,
So he, with vertue ſweetning bitter ſmart,
VVhich from the ſeas long toyling ſeruice came:
For why, ſixe Moones, & ſo oft times the Sunne,
VVas paſt, and had one halfe the ſignes ore-runne.

Ere he the earth, our common Mother ſaw;
Now earlie greets black *Flores* banefull Ile,
(*Flores*, from whence afflictions ſelfe doth draw
The true memorialls of a weeping ſtile;)
And with *Caiſters* Querriſters which ſtraw
Deſcant, that might Death of his darts beguile,
He tunes ſaluting notes, ſweeter then long,
All which are made his laſt liues funerall ſong.

Skilleſſe

Skilleſſe in deaths great Parliament he cals
His fellowe mat's, and minions to his fame,
Shewes them long lookt for land, and how it brauls,
Repulſing backe the billowes as they came,
Much he triumphes, and paſſed grieſe for-ſtals
VVith preſent ioy (ſorrow lights pleaſures flame:)
And whilſt his hopes of *Happy-fortune* ſings,
Misfortune by, controls them with her wings.

Deſird reliefe, and euer welcome reſt,
The elements that forme the wearie man,
Began to hold a counſaile in his breſt,
Painting his wants by ſicknes pale & wan;
VVith other griefes, that others force oppreſt,
Aduiſing ſtay, (as what is but they can,)
VVhilſt he that fate to come, and paſt, nere feard,
Concludes to ſtay till ſtrength decayd repaird.

Then

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Then caſts he Anchor hulling on the maine,
And all his ſhyps poore Cittizens recounts,
An hundred iuſt were free from ſicknes paine,
Foureſcore and ten death their redreſſe accounts,
So that of all both ſicke and ſound vnſlaine,
Vnto two hundred wanting ten amounts.
A ſlender armie for ſo great a guide,
But vertue is vnknowne till it be tride.

Thoſe whom their harts enabled to attempt,
He puts a ſhoare to make ſupplie for neede;
Thoſe whom long ſicknes taught of death cõtempt,
He viſits, and from *Ioues* great Booke doth reede
The balme which mortall poyſon doth exempt;
Thoſe whõ new breathing health like ſucklings feed,
Hie to the ſands, and ſporting on the ſame,
Finde libertie, the liues beſt liuing flame.

Looke

The tragedy of

Looke how a troupe of Winter-priſoned Dames,
Pent in th' incloſure of the walled townes,
VVelcoms the Spring, Vſher to Somers flames,
Making theyr paſtimes on the flowrie downes,
Whoſe beautious Arras wrought in natures frames,
Through eyes admire, the hart w wonder crownes,
So theſe wood-walled Cittizens at ſea,
VVelcome both Spring and Sommer in a day.

The warring byllowes, ſeas artillerie,
With long held ſiege, had bruz'd their beaten keele,
VVhich to repaire the moſt, moſt buſied be,
Lab'ring to cure, what want in labours feele;
All pleaſd with toyle, clothing extremitie
In Hopes beſt robes, that hang on Fortunes wheele.
But men, are men, in ignorance of Fate,
To alter chaunce, exceedeth humaine ſtate.

For

Sir Richard Grinuile.

For when the Sun, towred in heauens head,
Downe from the ſiluer mountaine of the skye,
Bent his bright Chariot on the glaſſie bed,
Faire chriſtall, guilded with his glorious eye,
Fearing ſome vſurpation in his ſtead,
Or leaſt his Loue ſhould too-long daliance ſpy
Tweene him and *Virgo*, whoſe attractiue face
Had newly made him leaue the *Lyons* chaſe,

In that ſame myd-daies hower came ſayling in,
A thought-ſwift-flying Pynnaſe, taught by winde,
T'outſtrip in flight Times euer-flying wing;
And being come where Vertue was inſhrinde,
Firſt vaild his plumes, and wheeling in a ring,
With Goat-like daũcing, ſtays where *Grinuile* ſhynd,
The while his great Cõmaunder calls the name,
VVhich is ador'd of all that ſpeakes the ſame.

The

The great commaunder of this little Barke,
VVhich like an Eglet armes the Eagles ſide,
VVas *Midleton*, the ayme of Honors marke,
That more had prou'd then danger durſt haue tride,
Now ſeeing all good fortunes ſun-ſhine darke,
Thriſe calls Sir *Richard*, who as oft replyde,
Bidding him ſpeake, and ring his newes aloude,
Ill, not apald, nor good could make him proude.

O then (quoth *Midelton*) thou ſoule of all
VVhat euer boaſts in magnanimitie,
Thou, whom pure Vertue her beſt part doth call,
Better then valure, ſtronger then dietie,
VVhom men adore, and all the gods exhall
Into the bookes of endleſſe memorie,
I bring thee tidings of a deadly fray,
Begun in Heauen, to end vpon the Sea.

Sir Richard Grinuile.

The glorious Senate of the Skyes was ſet,
And all the gods were royaliz'd in ſtate,
VVhen *Happy-fortune* and *Ill-fortune* met,
Striuing who firſt ſhould enter Heauens gate,
The one made mad the others fame to let,
Neither but ſtirr'd with rage to wonder at,
Confuſedly, as water-floods doe paſſe (was.
Their common bounds, ſuch their rude entrance

The gods diſturb'd, admire their ſtrange aproch,
Cenſuring their angers by their gloing eyes,
Ill-fortune was attended by *Reproch*,
Good-fortune, *Fame* and *Vertue* ſtellefies;
One ſweares the other doth her right incroch,
VVhich is the elder houſe, none can deuiſe:
The gods deuide, yet in the end agree
The Fates ſhall iudge each others pedegree.

Good

Good-fortune, drawes from heauen her hye deſcent,
Making hie *Ioue* the roote of her large tree;
Shee ſhowes from him, how many god-heads went,
Archangells, *Angells*, heauens poſteritie:
From thence, ſhe ſhowes the glorious thrid ſhe lent
To *Monarks*, *Emperours*, and *Kyngs* in fee,
Annexing as Colatteralls to her line
Honour, *Vertue*, *Valure*, and *Endles-time*.

Naithleſſe, *Ill-fortune* will be elder borne, (Sier,
Shee ſaith, ſhe ſprings from *Saturne*, *Ioues* wronged
And heauen, and earth, & hell her coate haue borne,
Freſh bleeding harts within a field of fier;
All that the world admires, ſhe makes her ſcorne,
VVho fartheſt ſeemes, is to *Ill-fortune* nier,
And that iuſt proofe may her great praiſe cõmend,
All that *Beſt-chaunce* begins, *Ill-chaunce* doth ende.

Thus

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Thus they diſpute, guilding their tongues report
VVith inſtances, and argumentall ſawes,
Ill-fortune, bids let all the worlde reſort
And ſhow within their Chronicles and lawes,
The man whoſe liues-line neuer did conſort
VVith ſharpe affliction, deaths firſt grounded cauſe,
Then will ſhe yeeld, elſe, is ſhee victor ſtill,
VVorlds good is rare, perpetuall is their ill.

Euen as the racket takes the balls rebound,
So doth *Good-fortune* catch *Ill-fortunes* proofe,
Saying, ſhe wil her in her ſelfe confound,
Making her darts, Agents for her behoofe;
Bow but thine eies (quoth ſhe) whence ha'ts abound,
And I will ſhow thee vnder heauens roofe (tunes,
Th'vnconquered man whō no miſchaunce impor-
Crown of my kingdom, deaths mā to misfortunes.

At this, the caſments of the skye broke ope,
Diſcouering all what's girdled in her frame,
VVhilſt *Happy-fortune* through her eyes large ſcope
Like a Coſmographer comments on the ſame;
Three parts with praiſe ſhe paſt and future hope,
Then to the fourth, the VVeſterne world ſhe came,
And there, with her eyes feſtrawe paints a ſtorie,
Stranger then ſtrange, more glorified then glorie.

See (ſayd *Faire-fortune*, to her foule ſhapt *Foe*)
How on the ſourge which beates againſt the Ile
Of *Flores*, whence thy curſt oblations growe,
A winde-taught capring ſhip which ayre beguiles,
(Making poore *Cephalus* for-lorne with woe,
Curſe arte, which made arte framed ſaile ſuch ſmiles)
Richlie imbrodred with the Iems of warre,
In thy diſpight commaunds a lucky ſtarre.

In

Sir Richard Grinuile.

In that faire veſſell liues my garlands flower,
Grinuile, my harts immortall arterie;
Of him thy dictie had neuer power,
Nor hath hee had of griefe one ſimpathie;
Succeſſe attends him, all good hap doth ſhower
A golden raine of perpetuitie
Into his boſſome, where mine Empire ſtands,
Murdring the Agents of thy blacke commands.

Say, and ſay true, (for what but thou wilt ſay,)
That euer *Grinuils* fortunes came before thee;
Or euer proſtrate at thine Altars lay,
Or with one wreath of Cipreſſe did adore thee?
Proue one blacke ſtorme in all his Sommers day,
Whoſe threatning clouds compeld him to implore thee,
Thē wil I ſtaine my milkwhite vaile with weeping,
And as thine handmaide dye in ſorrowes keeping.

As wounds the lightning, yet preſerues the skinne,
So did theſe words ſplit *Luckleſſe-fortunes* hart,
Her ſmiling *Superficies*, lockt within
A deepe exulcerated feſtring ſmart;
Heere ſhee perceiu'd her firſt diſgrace begin,
And wordleſſe from the heauens takes her depart.
Yet as ſhe flewe, her wings in flying cri'd,
On *Grimuile* ſhall my fame and power be tride.

At her departure all the heauens were glad,
Triumphing in *Ill-fortunes* baniſhment,
Apollo ſet new *Anthems* as *Ioue* bad, (lent;
VVhich ſpheare tunes made more then moſt excel-
No light in heauen but with new fier was clad,
Making next *Ioue*, *Good-fortune* preſident,
Enrowling in the Bookes of deſtenie,
This memorable famous victorie.

Onelie

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Onely the *Fat's* ſu'd for her backe repeale,
(For they *Ill-fortune* lou'd exceeding well)
Many her deedes and Tropheis they reueale,
And all her liues blacke legend, weeping tell;
Yet all they ſpeake, cannot in heauen preuaile,
Which ſeene, in ſpight they follow her to hell,
And there inhouſed with their mother *Night*,
All foure deuiſe, how heauen and earth to ſpight.

Hence ſprang the loues of *Ioue*, the *Sonnes* exile,
The ſhame of *Mars* and *Venus* in a net;
Iunos forſaken bed; *Saturns* compile
Of frantike diſcontentment, which beſet
All heauen with armes; *Diana* hence had while
To court her ſleeping boy; whilſt *Thetis* let
Phœbus imbrace her in her *Neptunes* ſtead,
Who made complaints, breach of his bridall bed.

Yet not content with theſe diſparagments,
Much greater miſchiefes iſſues from their minds,
Grinuile, thy mountaine honour it augments
VVithin their breſts, a Meteor like the winds,
VVhich thrall'd in earth, a reeling iſſue rents
With violent motion; and their wills combinds
To belch their hat's, vow'd murdrers of thy fame,
Which to effect, thus they begin the ſame.

Faſt to *Iberia* flies vntoward chaunce,
Iberia, which we vulgar Chriſten *Spaine*,
Vpon whoſe Sunne-burnt continent doth daunce
VVeſterne *Ducallidon*, the greateſt maine,
Thither ſhee packs, *Error* doth their aduaunce
Her coale-blacke ſtanderd in the hands of paine;
And as eſcapt from rauiſhment or bale,
With falſe teares, thus ſhee tunes a falſer tale.

Great

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Great Empire (ſaid ſhee) bleſſed in thy birth,
Beautious created for-head of this round,
That with thy ſmiles firſt lent to heauen mirth,
And bout thy temples all perfections woond,
Lodgd in th'immagin'd corners of the earth;
Thou whom our centers Monarcheſſe art crownd,
Attend my ſuite, baptiſd in mourneſull teares,
VVho but ere while triumphed on the ſpheares.

Nor for my ſelfe more then thine owne decay
Which blindfold pleaſure clouds as they ariſe,
Be gracious, and retort the domefull day,
VVhich thee and me to ſhame would ſacrifice.
Loe, on the great weſt-walling boiſtrous ſea,
VVhich doth imbrace thy gold-incloſing eyes,
Of many ſailes one man, of one poore Ile,
That will my fame, and all thy faire defile.

His

His numberleſſe great infinits of fame,
Haue ſhut againſt me heauens great chriſtall dore,
The clouds, which once my feets duſt had to name,
Hang ore my forhead, threatning euermore
Death to my praiſe, life to my infant ſhame,
Whilſt I with ſighes mediate a new reſtore.
And in my ſelfe behold my pleaſures paſt,
Swimming amongſt the ioyes I cannot taſt.

Th'ambroſian Nectar-filled banqueting,
No more ſhall I communicate, or ſee,
Triumphes in heauen, *Ioues* masks, and reuelling,
Are cleene exempt, both from my ioyes and me.
The reaſon, for my loue to thee I bring,
Trimming thy locks with Iems of dietie,
Making the gods a dread a fatall day,
VVorſe then the Giants warre or Centaurs fray.

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Poore goddeſſe, rob'd of all eternall power,
VVhoſe broken Statues, and downe razed Fan's,
Neuer warm'd altars, euer forgotten hower
VVhere any memoric of praiſe is tane,
VVitnes my fall from great *Olympus* tower;
Proſtrate, implore balme for receiued bane,
And dyre reuenge gainſt heauens impietie,
VVhich els in ſhame will make thee folow mee.

Behold theſe robes, maps of my fortunes world,
Torne, and diſtaind with eye-ſcornd beggerie;
Theſe rags deuide the Zones, wherein is hurld
My liues diſtemprate, hote cold miſerie;
Theſe tears are points, the ſcale theſe hairs vncurld,
My hands the compaſſe, woe the emperie:
And theſe my plaints, true and auriculer,
Are to my Globe the perpendiculer.

Looke

Looke how I am, ſuch art thou like to be
If armes preuent not heauens intendiment,
Grinuile, which now ſurfeits with dignitie,
Burd'ning the Sea with my diſparagement;
Chiding the wanton winds if greedelie
They kiſſe his ſailes; or els too ſlowlie vent,
Like *Ioue*, which bad the day be and it was,
So bids he Conqueſt warre; ſhe brings to paſſe.

The ſole incouragement he giues his power,
Is Prophet-like preſaging of thy death,
Courage he cries, euen in the dying hower,
And with his words, recalls departing breath;
O (ſayes he to his Mat's) you are my glories tower,
Impregnable, wall'd with vnuanquiſht faith,
You are the hands and agents of my truſt,
I but the hart reuoluing what we muſt.

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Liue Saints, til we haue ript the wombe of *Spayne*,
And wounded *Error* in the armes of hell,
Cruſhing the tripſe Myter in diſdaine,
Which on ỹ ſeauenfold mounted Witch doth dwel,
Angells rewards for ſuch diſſignes remaine,
And on heauens face men ſhall your ſtories tell;
At this they ſhoute; as eager of the pray,
as Ants in winter of a ſunne-ſhine day.

Thus like triumphant *Cæſar* drawne in Rome,
By winged *Valure*, and vnconquered *Chaunce*,
He plowes the Sea, (ô were it made his tombe)
VVhilſt *Happy-fortune* pypes vnto his daunce.
Yet may thy power alternat heauens doome,
So pleaſeth thee thy forward will t'aduaunce,
And cheare ỹ ſinews of thy mighty arme, (larme,
VVhoſe out-ſtrecht force ſhall quell his proud a-

Then

Then giue newe fuell to thine honours fier,
Leaſt ſlight regard wealth-winning *Error* ſlay,
And ſo old *Saturns* happie world retyer,
Making *Truths* dungion brighter then the day;
VVas neuer woe could wound thy kingdom nyer,
Or of thy borrowed beautie make diſplay,
Becauſe this vow in heauens booke doth remaine,
That *Errors* death ſhall conſumate thy raigne.

Now, for my god-heads remnant liues in thee,
VVhoſe loſt ſucceſſe breeds mine eternall end,
Take for thine ayde, afflicting *Miſerie*,
Woe, mine attendant, and *Diſpayre* my freend,
All three my greateſt great *Triumuerie*,
Blood-bath'd *Carnifici*, which will protend
A murdring deſolation to that will,
VVhich me in thee, and thee in mee would kill.

Here

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Here, with her fixed Comet-blazing eyes,
The damned *Augurs* of vntimely death,
Shee ends her tale, whilſt from her harts caue flyes
A ſtorme of winds, no gentle ſighing breath,
All which, like euill ſpirits in diſguiſe,
Enter *Iberias* eares, and to her ſayth,
That all the ſubſtance of this damned ſtorie,
VVas zealous true, coynd for her *Spaniſh* glorie.

Sworne to beleeue, for ill, in ill affies,
Spayne then enamour'd with the *Romane* trull,
Calls all her forces, more then Atomies,
And tells *Ill-fortunes* ſtorie to the full;
Many Parenthiſes ſhee doth deuiſe,
And froſt-relenting words doth choycely cull,
Bewitching thoſe whom oft ſhee had deceiued,
VVith ſuch like Hemlock as her ſelfe receiued.

The

The firſt and greateſt one, commaunding all
The ſoule of miſchiefes old created mother,
VVas *Don Alphonſo Baſſan*, proud in brall,
The Marques *Sancta Cruces* onely brother:
Him ſhee coniures by typ's emperiall,
And all that falſhoods ſeeming trueth could couer,
To vndertake this hie (ſhe termd it) act,
VVhich craues a curſe of all that reads the fact.

Her ſelfe (ſhee ſaid) and all the flowers of *Spayne*,
Should vnder his, as heauens Enſigne warre:
Thus from her harts foule dunghill flyes amaine
Groſſe vapours, metamorphoſd to a ſtarre;
Her words in fumes like prodogies retaine
His hart, by her tongues witchcraft bound ſo farre,
As what ſhee will, that will hee vnder-take,
Be it to warre with heauen for her ſake.

The

Sir Richard Grinuile.

The ſeeming Nectar of her poyſoning ſpeech,
So well ſhee ſaw ſurpriſe his licoras ſence,
That for to reare her ill beyond ills reach,
VVith ſelfe-like tropes, decks ſelf-like eloquence,
Making in *Britan Dona* ſuch a breach,
That her arm'd wits, conqu'ring his beſt wits fence,
He vowes with *Baſſan* to defend the broile,
VVhich men of praiſe, & earth of fame ſhal ſpoile.

To him ſhee giues the *Biſcaynnoys* for guard,
Mechannicall Artificers for death,
And thoſe which of affliction neuer hard,
Shee tempers with the hammer of her breath:
To euery act ſhee giues huge lyp-reward,
Lauiſh of oathes, as falſhood of her faith;
And for the ground of her pretended right,
T'is hate, which enuies vertue in a Knight.

Theſe

Theſe two to her faſt bound in vaſſailage,
Vnto the Marques *Arumburch* ſhee flyes,
Him ſhee prouokes, him ſhee finds apt to rage,
Impriſoning Pitties teares in flintie eyes;
To him the power of *Siuill* for a gage
Shee doth bequeath; bidding his proweſſe ryſe,
And clenſe his Countries face frō widowes tears,
To which he poſts, like lightning frō the ſphears.

Laſtly, to make vp miſchiefes perfect ſquare,
To *Luis Cutino* ſhee takes her flight,
Him ſhee commaunds, he to her homage ſware
To guide a Nauie to this damned fight,
Of Hulks and Fly-boats, ſuch as durſt to dare.
Shee giues him ſoueraigne rule, and publique right,
And then vniting all foure powers in one,
Sends them to ſea, to calme *Misfortunes* mone.

And

Sir Richard Grinuile.

And now behold (diuine for valiancie)
Like flying Caſtells ſayle they to this ſtrand,
Fiftie three ſaile, ſtrong in artillarie,
Beſt men of warre knowne in the *Spaniſh* land;
Fifteene Armados, Kings of ſoueraigntie,
VVhich led the leſſer with a mightie hand:
And theſe in foure battalions hither flie,
VVith whom three dayes I ſaild in companie.

Then gentle *Grinuile*, *Thetis* parramoure,
Dearer then *Venus*, Daughter of the flood,
Set ſailes to wind, let not neglect deuoure
Thy gracious fortunes and thine Angell good,
Cut through the maine, compell thy keele to ſcoure,
No man his ill too timelie hath with-ſtoode
And whē *Beſt-chaunce* ſhal haue repaird thy fortune,
Time for this flight may iuſt reuenge importune.

The tragedy of

Here *Midelton* did end the paſſing peale
VVhich gaue the warning to a diſmall end,
And as his words laſt knell began to faile,
The damned Nauie did a glimmering ſend,
By which Sir *Richard* might their power reueale,
VVhich ſeeming conquerleſſe, did conqueſts lend:
At whoſe appearance, *Midelton* did cry,
See where they come, for fame and pitty flie.

This certaine ſtory, of too certaine ill,
Did not extinguiſh, but gaue honor fier,
Th'amazing prodigie, (bane of my quill,)
Bred not aſtoniſhment, but a ſtrong deſier,
By which this heauen-adopted Knights ſtrong will,
Then hieſt height of Fame, flew much more hier:
And from the boundleſſe greatnes of his minde,
Sends back this anſwer through his lyps refin'd.

Thanks

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Thanks hardie *Midelton* for thy dilate,
Perſwaſiue preſage to auoyde my death,
But if thou wed my fortunes with my ſtate,
This ſauing health ſhall ſuffocate my breath,
To flye from them that holds my God in hate,
My Miſtres, Country, me, and my ſworne fayth,
VVere to pull of the load from *Typhons* back,
And cruſh my ſelfe, with ſhame & ſeruile wrack.

Nor if my hart degenerate ſhould yeeld,
To entertaine an amorus thought of life,
And ſo tranſport mine honour to the field,
VVhere ſeeming valure dies by cowards knife,
Yet zeale and conſcience ſhall new forces build,
And others ſoules, with my ſoule holdeth ſtrife;
For halfe my men, & all that draw ſound breath,
Are gone on ſhore, for foode to conquer death.

If I forſake them, certaine is their end,
If I obtaine them, doubtfull is our fall,
Vpon my flight, ſhame and their ſacks depend,
Vpon my ſtay, hope of good hap doth call,
Equall to me, the meaneſt I commend;
Nor will I looſe, but by the loſſe of all:
They are the ſinewes of my life and fame,
Diſmembred bodies periſh cripple-lame.

This ſayd, he ſends a cock-boate to the ſhore,
To ſummon backe his men vnto their ſhip,
Who com'd a board, began with ſome vprore
To way their Anchors, and with care to dip
Their hie reuolues in doubt, and euermore
To paint deaths viſage with a trembling lip,
Till he that was all feareleſſe, and feare ſlew,
VVith Nectard words from thē all dangers drew.

When

Sir Richard Grinuile.

VVhen *Midelton* ſaw *Grinuills* hie reuolue,
Paſt hope, paſt thought, paſt reach of all aſpire,
Once more to moue him flie he doth reſolue,
And to that purpoſe tips his tongue with fier;
Fier of ſweete words, that eaſelie might diſſolue
And moiſten flint, though ſteeld in ſtiffe attire,
Had not deſier of wonder, praiſe, and fame,
Extinkt the ſparks, and ſtill keepe dead the flame.

Greater, and better then inarked he,
VVhich in the worlds huge deluge did ſuruiue,
O let thy wings of magnanimitie,
Not vainelie flatter, *Honour* to acchiue,
Gainſt all conceit impoſſibilitie,
By which thou murderſt *Vertue*, keepe aliue,
Nor in thy ſeeking of diuinitie,
Kill not heauens fame by baſe mortalilitie.

The tragedy of

O *Grimuile*, thou haſt red Philoſophy,
Nature and Arte hath made thee excellent,
And what thou read'ſt, hath grafted this in thee,
That to attempt hie dangers euident
VVithout conſtraint or neede, is infamie,
And honor turnes to raſhnes in th'euent;
And who ſo darrs, not caring how he darrs,
Sells vertues name, to purchaſe fooliſh ſtarrs.

Deere Knight, thou art not forſt to hazard fame,
Heauens haue lent thee meanes to ſcape thine ill,
If thou abide, as true as is thy name,
So truly ſhall thy fault, thy death fulfill:
And as to loue the life for vertues flame,
Is the iuſt act of a true noble will,
So to contemne it, and her helps exclude,
Is baſeneſs, raſhnes, and no *Fortitude*.

Hee

Sir Richard Grinuile.

He that compard mans bodie to an hoaſt,
Sayd that ỹ hands were ſcouts, diſcouering harmes,
The feete, were horſemen, thundring on the coaſt,
The breſt, and ſtomacke, footmen, huge in ſwarmes.
But for the head, in ſoueraignтie did boaſt,
It Captayne was, director of alarms,
VVhoſe raſhnes, if it hazarded an ill,
Not hee alone but all the hoaſt did ſpill.

Raſhe *Iſadas*, the *Lacedemon* Lord,
That naked fought againſt the *Theban* power,
Although they crown'd his valure by accord,
Yet was hee find for raſhnes in that hower:
And thoſe which moſt his careleſſe praiſe affoard,
Did moſt condemne what follie did deuoure;
For in attempting, proweſſe is not ment,
But wiſelie doing what we doe attempt.

Then

Then ſith t'is valure to abandon fight,
And baſe to darre, where no hope is to winne,
(Renowned man, of all renowne the light)
Hoyſt vp thy ſailes, delay attrackts thy ſinne,
Flie from ill-boding ſtarres with all thy might,
Vnto thy hart let praiſe and pittie in.
This ſayd, and more deſirous much to crie,
Sir *Richard* ſtayd him, with this rich replie.

Captayne, I praiſe thy warlike eloquence,
And ſober Axioms of Philoſophie,
But now's no time for ſchoole points difference,
VVhen Deaths blacke Enſigne threatens miſerie;
Yet for thy words ſound of ſuch conſequence,
Making flight praiſe, and fight pale obloquie,
Once ere I die, Ile clenſe my wits from ruſt,
And proue my flying baſe, my ſtay moſt iuſt.

VVhence

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Whence ſhall I flie? from refuge of my fame,
From whom? euen from my Countries mortall foe,
VVhither? but to the dungeon of my ſhame,
VVhy ſhall I flie? for feare of happie woe,
VVhat end of flight? to ſaue vild life by blame,
VVho iſt that flies? *Grinuile*? Captayne no,
T'is *England* flies, faire Ile of happines,
And true diuine *Elizas* holynes.

Shall then my lifes regard taynt that choyce faire?
Firſt will I perriſh in this liquid round,
Neuer ſhall Sunne-burnt *Spanyards* tongue endeare
Iberian eares with what ſhall me confound,
The life I haue, I for my Miſtris beare,
Curſt were that life, ſhould it her ſcepter wound,
And trebble curſed be that damned thought,
Which in my minde hath any fayntnes wrought.

Now

Now, for Philoſophie defends thy theame,
Euen ſelfe Philoſophie ſhall arme my ſtile,
Rich buskin'd *Seneca*, that did declaime,
And firſt in *Rome* our tragicke pompe compile,
Saith, *Fortitude* is that which in extreame
And certaine hazard all baſe feares exile:
It guides, ſaith he, the noble mind from farre,
Through froſt, and fier, to conquer honors warre.

Honie-tongd *Tullie*, Mermaid of our eares,
Affirmes no force, can force true *Fortitude*,
It with our bodies, no communion beares,
The ſoule and ſpyrit, ſole doth it include;
It is that part of honeſtie which reares
The hart to heauen, and euer doth obtrude
Faint feare, and doubt, ſtill taking his delight
In perrills, which exceeds all perrills might.

Patience,

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Patience, *Perſeuerance*, *Greatnes*, and *Strong Truſt*,
Theſe pages are to *Fortitude* their king,
Patience that ſuffers, and eſteemeth iuſt
VVhat euer woe, for vertue fortunes bring;
Perſeuerance, holds conſtant what we muſt,
Greatnes, that ſtill effects the greateſt thing,
And armed *Truſt*, which neuer can diſpaire,
But hopes good hap; how euer fatall deare.

The Roman *Sergius*, hauing loſt his hand,
Slew with one hand foure in a ſingle fight,
A thing all reaſon euer did with-ſtand,
But that bright *Fortitude* ſpred forth her light.
Pompey, by ſtorme held from *th'Italyan* land,
And all his ſailours quaking in his ſight,
Firſt hoiſted ſaile, and cry'd amidſt the ſtrife,
There's neede I goe, no neede to ſaue my life.

Agis

The tragedy of

Agis that guilt the *Lacedemon* ſtreete,
Intending one day battaile with his foes,
By counſaile was repeld, as thing vnmeete,
The enemie beeing ten to one in ſhoes;
But he reply'd, Tis needfull that his feete
VVhich many leads, ſhould leade to many bloes:
And one being good, an Armie is for ten
Foes to religion, and known naughty men.

To him that told *Dienecus*, his foes
Couer'd the Sun with darts and armed ſpeares,
Hee made reply, Thy newes is ioy in woes,
Wee'le in the ſhadow fight, and conquer feares.
And from the *Polands* words my humor floes,
I care for naught but falling of the Spheares.
Thunder affrights the Infants in the ſchooles,
And threatnings are the conquerers of fooles.

As

Sir Richard Grinuile.

As theſe, my caſe is not ſo deſperate,
And yet, then theſe, my darre ſhall be no leſſe:
If this in them, for fame was wondred at,
Then this in mee, ſhall my deſiers expreſſe;
Neuer ſhall *Greece*, nor *Rome*, nor Heathen ſtate,
with ſhining honor, *Albions* ſhine depreſſe, (boúds,
Though their great circuits yeelds their acts large
Yet ſhall they neuer darr for deeper wounds.

And thus reſolu'd, deere *Midelton* depart,
Seeke for thy ſafetie in ſome better ſoyle,
Thy ſtay will be no ſuccour in my ſmart,
Thy loſſe will make them boaſt of better ſpoyle.
And be aſſur'd before my laſt breath part,
Ile make the Sunne, for pittie backe recoyle,
And clothe the ſea within a ſcarlet pale,
Iudge of their death which ſhall my life exhale.

This

This ſhip which now intombs my iealious ſoule,
Honeſtlie enuious of aſpiring laude,
Is cald *Reuenge*, the ſcourge which doth controule,
The recreants that *Errors* right applaud,
Shall like her ſelfe, by name and fame enroule
My ſpyrits acts, by no *Misfortune* aw'd,
VVithin eternall Bookes of happie deeds,
Vpon whoſe notes, immortall Vertue reeds.

Say if I perriſh, t'was mine honours will,
My Countries loue, religion, and my Queene;
And if that enuie glorie in mine ill,
Say that I dyed, conqu'ring, vnconquered ſeene.
Say fiftie three ſtrong ſhyps could not fulfill,
Gainſt one poore mayden veſſell their foule teene,
But that in ſpight of death, or miſerie,
She fought, and foyld, and ſcapt captiuitie.

Replie

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Replie not *Midelton*, mine eares are cloſd,
Hie in heauens for-head are my vowes ingrau'd,
I ſee the baneſull Nauie now diſcloſd,
Begon betime, Fate hath thy fortune ſau'd;
To me good ſtarres were neuer yet oppoſd,
Glorie hath crownd me when I glorie crau'd,.
Farwel, and ſay how euer be my chaunce,
My death at honours wedding learnt to daunce.

This ſayd, away ſailes *Midelton* with ſpeede,
Sad, heauie, dull, and moſt diſconſolate,
Shedding ſtout manlie teares at valures deede,
Greeuing the ruine of ſo great eſtate;
But *Grinuile*, whoſe hope euer did exceede,
Making all death in daungers fortunate,
Gan to prouide to quell this great vprore,
Then which the like was neuer heard before.

His

His fights ſet vp, and all things fit prepard,
Low on the ballaſt did he couch his ſick,
Being fourſcoore ten, in Deaths pale mantle ſnar'd,
whoſe want to war did moſt their ſtrong harts prick.
The hundred, whoſe more ſounder breaths declard
Their ſoules to enter Deaths gates ſhould not ſtick,
Hee with diuine words of immortall glorie,
Makes them the wondred actors of this ſtorie.

Nothing he left vnſaid that tongue could ſay,
To breede contempt of death, or hate of thrall,
Honors reward, fame for a famous day,
VVonder of ears, that men halfe gods ſhall call;
And contrarie, a hopeleſſe certaine way,
Into a Tyrants damned fiſts to fall,
VVhere all defame, baſe thoughts, and infamie,
Shall crowne with ſhame their heads eternally.

In

Sir Richard Grinuile.

In this great thunder of his valiant ſpeech,
From whence the eares-eyes honors lightning felt,
The *Spaniſh* Nauie came within the reach
Of Cannon ſhot, which equallie was delt
On eyther ſide, each other to impeach;
VVhoſe volleys made the pittying skyes to melt,
Yet with their noyſe, in *Grinuills* hart did frame,
Greater deſier, to conquer greater fame.

And now the ſunne was paſt his middle way,
Leaning more louely to his Lemans bed,
And the noones third hower had attacht the day,
VVhen fiftie three gainſt one were baſely led;
All harts were fierd, and now the deadlie fray,
Began tumultuouſlie to ouer-ſpread
The ſea with fier, the Element with ſmoake
Which gods, & monſters frõ their ſleepe awoake.

The tragedy of

In foure great battailes marcht the *Spaniſh* hoaſt,
The firſt of *Siuill*, led in two great ſquares,
Both which with courage, more then can be moſt,
Sir *Richard* forſt to giue him way with cares;
And as the Sea-men terme it in our coaſt,
They ſprang their luffe, and vnder lee declares
Their manie forces feebled by this one,
Whoſe thoughts, ſaue him, are rightly due to none.

And now he ſtands amidſt the thickeſt throngs,
VValld round with wooden Caſtels on the waue,
Fiftie three Tygers greedie in their wrongs,
Beſiedge the princlie Lion in his caue:
Nothing ſees *Grinuile* which to hope belongs,
All things are fled that any hap could ſaue;
Bright day is darkned by incurtaind light,
And nothing viſits them but Canons night.

Then

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Then vp to heauen he lifts his loftie hart,
And cryes, old *Solon*, I am happy made.
All earthie thoughts cleane frō his ſpirits part,
Vertue and *Valure* all his ſences lade,
His foes too fewe, too ſtrong he holds his part,
Now doth he wiſh for millions to inuade,
For beeing conquerer, he would conquer all,
Or conquerd, with immortall honor fall.

Neuer fell hayle thicker then bullets flew,
Neuer ſhow'rd drops faſter then ſhowring blowes,
Liu'd all the *Woorthies*, all yet neuer knew
So great reſolue in ſo great certaine woes;
Had *Fame* told *Cæſar* what of this was true,
His Senate-murdred ſpirite would haue roſe,
And with faire honors enuie wondred then,
Curſing mortalitie in mightie men.

VVhilſt thus affliction turmoyld in this brall,
And *Grinuile* ſtill imployd his Actor death,
The great *San-phillip*, which all *Spayne* did call
Th'vnuanquiſht ſhip, *Iberias* ſoule and faith,
Whoſe mountaine hugenes more was tearmd then
Being twice a thouſand tuns as rumor ſaith, (tall,
Came ruſhing in, becalming *Grinuiles* ſailes,
Whoſe courage grew, the more his fortune failes.

Hotlie on eyther ſide was lightning ſent,
And ſteeled thunder bolts dinge men to hell,
Vnweldie *Phillip*, backt with millions lent,
VVorſe cracks of thunder then on *Phaeton* fell,
That with the dayes fier fierd the Element;
And why? becauſe within her ribs did dwell,
More ſtore of ſhot and great artillarie,
Then might haue ſeru'd the worlds great victorie.

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Three tire of Cannon lodg'd on eyther ſide,
And in each tire, eleuen ſtronglie lay,
Eyght in her chaſe, that ſhot forth right did bide,
And in her ſterne, twice eight that howerlie play;
Shee leſſe great ſhot, in infinets did hide,
All which were Agents for a diſmall day.
But poore *Reuenge*, leſſe rich, and not ſo great,
Aunſwerd her cuffe for cuffe, and threat for threat.

Anon they graple eyther to the other,
As doth the ban-dogge with the Martins skinne,
And then the wombe of *Phillip* did vncouer,
Eight hundred Souldiers, which the fight beginne:
Theſe board Sir *Richard*, & with thronging ſmother
The day, the ayre, the time, and neuer linne,
But by their entrance did inſtruct eight more,
To doe the like, on each ſide foure, and foure.

Thus in one moment was our Knight aſſaild,
With one huge *Argoſie*, and eight great ſhips,
But all in vaine, their powers naught preuaild,
For the *Reuenge*, her Canon loud-dogs ſhips,
VVhoſe bruzing teeth, ſo much the *Phillip* quaild,
That foundring in the greedie maine, he dips
His damned bodie in his watrie tombe,
Wrapt with diſhonour in the Oceans wombe.

The other eight, fighting, were likewiſe foild,
And driuen perforce vnto a vild retraite,
None durſt abide, but all with ſhame recoild,
VVhilſt *Valures* ſelfe, ſet *Grinuile* in her ſeate;
Onely *Don Luis Saint Iohn*, ſeeing ſpoild,
His Countries honour by this ſtrange defaite,
Single encountred *Grinuile* in the fight,
Who quicklie ſent his ſoule to endleſſe night.

Sir Richard Grinuile.

George de Prunaria, a Spaniſh Knight,
Euer held valiant in diſpight of fate,
Seconded *Luis*, and with mortall might,
VVrit on Sir *Richards* target ſouldiers hate,
Till *Grinuile*, wakned with his loud rung fight,
Diſpatcht his ſoules courſe vnto *Plutos* gate;
And after theſe two, ſent in poſt all thoſe
Which came within his mercie or his blowes.

By this, the ſunne had ſpred his golden locks,
Vpon the pale greene carpet of the ſea,
And opned wide the ſcarlet dore which locks,
The eaſefull euening from the labouring day;
Now Night began to leape from iron Rocks,
And whip her ruſtie wagon through the way,
VVhilſt all the *Spaniſh* hoſt ſtoode maz'd in ſight,
None darring to aſſayle a ſecond fight.

VVhen

The tragedy of

VVhen *Don Alfonſo*, Generall of the warre,
Saw all his Nauie with one ſhip controld,
Hee toare his hayre, and loudlie cryd from farre,
For honour *Spanyards*, and for ſhame be bold;
Awaken Vertue, ſay her ſlumbers marre
Iberias auncient valure, and infold
Her wondred puiſſance, and her glorious deeds,
In cowards habit, and ignoble weeds.

Fie, that the ſpyrit of a ſingle man,
Should contradict innumerable wills,
Fie, that infinitiues of forces can,
Nor may effect what one conceit fulfills;
VVoe to the wombe, ceaſeleſſe the teats I ban,
That cherriſht life, which all our liues ioyes kills;
VVoe to our ſelues, our fortunes, and our minds,
Agaſt and ſcarrd, with whiſtling of the winds.

Sir Richard Grinuile.

See how he tryumphes in diſpight of death,
Promethean like, laden with liuing fier,
And in his glorie ſpits diſdainfull breath,
Loathing the baſenes of our backe retire;
Euen now me thinks in our diſgrace he ſaith,
Foes to your fames, why make you Fate a lyer,
When heauen and ſhe haue giuen into your hand,
VVhat all the world can neuer backe demaund?

Say that the God of *Warre*; Father of Chiualrie,
The *Worthies*, *Heroes*, all fam'd Conquerours,
Centaurs, *Gyants*, victorious *Victorie*,
VVere all this *Grinuils* hart-ſworne paramours,
Yet ſhould we fightleſſe let our ſhyps force flie;
Well might we cruſh his keele & rocklike powers,
And him with them ore-whelme into the maine,
Courage then harts, fetch honour backe againe.

Heere

The tragedy of

Heere ſhame, the fretting canker of the mind,
That fiers the face with fuell from the hart,
Fearing his weapons weakenes, eft aſſignd
To deſperate hardines his cõfounding dart, (blind,
And now the *Spanyards* made through words ſtone
Deſperate by ſhame, aſhamd diſpaire ſhould part,
like dãned ſcritchowles, chimes to dead mẽs hours,
Make vowes to fight, till fight all liues deuours.

And now the tragicke ſceane of death begins,
Acts of the night, deeds of the ouglie darke,
VVhen Furies brands gaue light to furious ſins,
And gaſtlie ſilence gaping wounds did marke;
Sing ſadlie then my Muſe (teares pittie wins)
Yet mount thy wings beyond the mornings Larke,
And wanting thunder, with thy lightnings might
Split eares that heares the dole of this ſad night.

The

Sir Richard Grinuile.

The fier of *Spaynes* pride, quencht by *Grinuils* ſword,
Alfonſo reinkindles with his tong,
And ſets a bateleſſe edge, ground by his word
Vpon their blunt harts feebled by the ſtrong,
Loe animated now, they all accord,
To die, or ende deaths conflict held ſo long;
And thus reſolud, too greedelie aſſay
His death, like hounds that hold the Hart at bay.

Blacker then night, more terrible then hell,
Louder then thunder, ſharper then *Phœbus* ſteele,
Vnder whoſe wounds the ouglie *Python* fell,
Were bullets mantles, clowding the hapleſſe keele,
The ſlaughtered cryes, the words the canons tell,
And thoſe which make euen rocky Mountains reele,
And thicker then in ſunne are Atomies,
Flew bullets, fier, and ſlaughtered dead mens cries.

At

At this remorſles Dirgie for the dead,
The ſiluer Moone, dread Soueraigne of the deepe,
That with the floods fills vp her horned head,
And by her waine the wayning ebbs doth keepe:
Taught by the Fat's how deſtenie was led,
Bids all the ſtarres pull in their beames and weepe:
For twas vnfit, chaſt hallowed eyes ſhould ſee
Honour confounded by impietie.

Then to the night ſhe giues all ſoueraigne power,
Th'eternall mourner for the dayes diuorce,
Who drowned in her owne harts killing ſhower,
Viewes others torments with a ſad remorſe.
This flintie Princeſſe, ayme cryes to the hower,
On which to looke, kinde eies no force could force.
And yet the ſight, her dull hart ſo offended,
That from her ſight a foggie dewe deſcended.

Now

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Now on our Knight, raines yron, ſword, and fiers,
Iron wrapt in ſmoke, ſwords bath'd in ſmoking blood,
Fiers, furies king, in blood & ſmoke aſpiers
The conſumation of all liuing good;
Yet *Grinuile*, with like Agents like expires
His foe-mens dat's, and euermore withſtood
Th'aſſaults of death, and ruins of the warre,
Hoping the ſplendour of ſome luckie ſtarre.

On eyther ſide him, ſtill two *Gallions* lay,
VVhich with continuall boardings nurſt the fight,
Two great *Armados*, howrelie plow'd their way,
And by aſſault, made knowne repelleſſe might.
Thoſe which could not come neere vnto the fray,
Alooſe diſcharg'd their volleys gainſt our Knight.
And when ỹ one ſhrunk back, beat with diſgrace,
An other inſtantly ſupply'd the place.

So

So that their reſting, reſtleſſe him containd,
And theyr ſupplies, deny'd him to ſupply:
The *Hydra* of their mightines ordaind
New ſpoile for death, when old did wounded lie:
But hee, *Herculian*-like one ſtate retaind,
One to triumph, or one for all to die.
Heauen had onelie lent him but one hart, (ſmart.
That hart one thought, that thought no feare of

And now the night grew neere her middle line,
Youthfully luſtie in her ſtrongeſt age,
VVhen one of *Spaynes* great *Gallions* did repine,
That one ſhould many vnto death ingage,
And therefore with her force, halfe held diuine,
At once euaporats her mortall rage,
Till powerfull *Grinuile*, yeelding power a tombe,
Splyt her, and ſunck her in the ſalt waues wombe.

VVhen

Sir Richard Grinuile.

VVhen *Cutino*, the Hulks great Admirall,
Saw that huge Veſſell drencht within the ſurge,
Enuie and ſhame tyerd vpon his gall,
And for reuenge a thouſand meanes doth vrge:
But *Grinuile*, perfect in deſtructions fall,
His miſchiefes with like miſeries doth ſcourge,
And renting with a ſhot his wooden tower,
Made *Neptunes* liquid armes his all deuouer.

Theſe two ore-whelm'd, *Siuills Aſcention* came,
A famous ſhip, well man'd, and ſtrongly dreſt,
Vindicta from her Cannons mouthes doth flame,
And more then any, our dread Knight opreſt:
Much hurt ſhee did, many ſhee wounded lame,
And *Valurs* ſelfe, her valiant acts confeſt.
Yet in the end, (for warre of none takes keepe)
Grinuile ſunck her within the watry deepe.

Ano-

An other great *Armado*, bruſd and beat,
Sunck neere S. *Michaels* road, with thought to ſcape
And one that by her men more choicely ſet,
Beeing craz'd and widow'd of her comly ſhape,
Ran gainſt the ſhore, to pay *Ill-chaunce* her debt,
VVho deſolate for deſolations gape:
Yet theſe confounded, were not miſt at all,
For new ſupplies made new the aged brall.

This while on *Grinuile* ceazed no amaze,
No wonder, dread, nor baſe aſtoniſhment,
But true reſolue, and valurs ſacred blaze,
The crowne of heauen, and ſtarrie ornament
Deckt his diuine part, and from thence did raze
Affects of earth, or earths intendiment.
And in this broyle, as cheerefull was his ſight,
As *Ioues*, imbracing *Danae* by night.

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Looke how a wanton Bridegroome in the morne,
Buſilie labours to make glad the day,
And at the noone, with wings of courage borne,
Recourts his bride with dauncing and with play,
Vntill the night which holds meane bliſſe in ſcorne,
By action kills imaginations ſway,
And then, euen then, gluts & cõfounds his thought,
VVith all the ſweets, conceit or Nature wrought,

Euen ſo our Knight the bridegroome vnto *Fame*,
Toild in this battailes morning with vnreſt,
At noone triumph'd, & daunſt, & made his game,
That vertue by no death could be depreſt;
But when the night of his loues longings came,
Euen then his intelectuall ſoule conteſt
All other ioyes imaginarie were
Honour vnconquerd, heauen & earth held deare.

The tragedy of

The bellowing ſhotte which wakened dead mens
As *Dorian* muſick, ſweetned in his eares, (ſwounds,
Ryuers of blood, iſſuing from fountaine wounds,
Hee pytties, but augments not with his teares,
The flaming fier which mercileſſe abounds,
Hee not ſo much as masking torches feares,
The dolefull Eccho of the ſoules halfe dying,
Quicken his courage in their baneſull crying.

VVhen foule *Misfortune* houering on a Rock,
(The ſtonie girdle of the *Florean* Ile,)
Had ſeene this conflict, and the fearefull ſhock,
VVhich all the *Spanyſh* miſcheifes did compile,
And ſaw how conqueſt licklie was to mock
The hope of *Spayne*, and fauſter her exile,
Immortall ſhe, came downe her ſelfe to fight,
And doe what elſe no mortall creature might.

And

Sir Richard Grinuile.

And as ſhe flew the midnights waking ſtarre,
Sad *Caſſiopea*, with a heauie cheare
Puſht forth her forehead, to make known frõ farre,
VVhat time the dryrie dole of earth drew neare,
But when ſhee ſaw *Misfortune* arm'd in warre,
VVith teares ſhe blinds her eyes, and clouds ỹ ayre,
And asks the gods, why *Fortune* fights with man?
They ſay, to doe, what elſe no creature can.

O why ſhould ſuch immortall enuie dwell,
In the incloſures of eternall mould?
Let Gods with Gods, and men with men rebell,
Vnequall warres t'vnequall ſhame is ſould;
But for this damned deede came ſhee from hell,
And *Ioue* is ſworne, to doe what deſt'nie would,
VVeepe then my pen, the tell-tale of our woe,
And curſe the fount frõ whence our ſorrows flow.

Now, now, *Misfortune* fronts our Knight in armes,
And caſts her venome through the *Spanyſh* hoaſt,
Shee ſalues the dead, and all the lyuing warmes
With vitall enuie, brought from *Plutos* coaſt;
Yet all in vaine, all works not *Grimuils* harmes;
VVhich ſeene, ſhee ſmiles, and yet with rage imboſt
Saith to her ſelfe, ſince men are all too weake,
Behold a goddeſſe ſhall thy lifes twine breake.

VVith that ſhee taks a Musket in her hand,
Raft from a dying Souldiour newlie ſlaine,
And ayming where th'vncõquered Knight did ſtand,
Diſchargd it through his bodie, and in twaine
Deuids the euer holie nuptiall band,
Which twixt his ſoule, & worlds part ſhold remaine,
Had not his hart, ſtronger then *Fortunes* will,
Held life perforce to ſcorne *Misfortunes* ill.

Sir Richard Grinuile.

The bubling wound from whence his blood diſtild,
Mourn'd to let fall the hallowed drops to ground,
And like a iealious loue by riuall illd,
Sucks in the ſacred moiſture through the wound;
But he, which felt deaths fatall doome fulfilld,
Grew fiercer valiant, and did all confound,
VVas not a *Spanyard* durſt abord him reſt,
After he felt his deaths wound in his breſt.

Hundreds on hundreds, dead on the maymed fall,
Maymed on ſounde, ſound in them ſelues lye ſlaine,
Bleſt was the firſt that to his ſhip could crall,
For wounded, he wounds multituds againe;
No ſacrifice, but ſacrifice of all,
Could ſtay his ſwords oblations vnto paine,
Nor in *Phillippie*, fell for *Cæſars* death,
Soules thicker then for *Grinuils* waſting breath.

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The *Nemian* Lyon, *Aramanthian* Bore,
The *Hircanian* Tyger, nor the *Cholcean* Bulls,
Neuer extended rage with ſuch vprore,
Nor in their breſts mad monſtrous furie lulls;
Now might they learne, that euer learnt before,
Wrath at our Knight, which all wrath diſanulls,
For ſlauiſh death, his hands commaunded more,
Then Lyon, Tyger, Bull, or angrie Bore.

Had *Pompey* in *Pharſalia* held his thought,
Cæſar had neuer wept vpon his head,
Had *Anthonie* at *Actiome* like him fought,
Auguſtus teares had neuer drownd him dead,
Had braue *Renaldo*, *Grimuiles* puiſſance bought,
Angelica from Fraunce had neuer fled,
Nor madded *Rowland* with inconſtancie,
But rather ſlayne him wanting victorie.

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Before a ſtorme flew neuer Doues ſo faſt,
As *Spanyards* from the furie of his fiſt,
The ſtout *Reuenge*, about whoſe forlorne waſt,
Whilome ſo many in their moods perſiſt,
Now all alone, naught but the ſourge imbraſt,
Her foes from handie combats cleane deſiſt;
Yet ſtill incirkling her within their powers,
From farre ſent ſhot, as thick as winters ſhowers.

Anger, and *Enuie*, enemies to *Life*,
Strong ſmouldring *Heate* & noiſom ſtink of *Smoke*,
With ouer-labouring *Toyle*, *Deaths* ouglie wife,
Theſe all accord with *Grinuiles* wounded ſtroke,
To end his liues date by their ciuell ſtrife,
And him vnto a bleſſed ſtate inyoke,
But he repeld them whilſt repell he might,
Till fainting power, was tane from power to fight.

Then

Then downe he ſat, and beat his manlie breſt,
Not mourning death, but want of meanes to die;
Thoſe which ſuruiu'd coragiouſlie he bleſt,
Making them gods for god-like victorie;
Not full twice twentie ſoules aliue did reſt,
Of which the moſt were mangled cruellie,
Yet ſtill, whilſt words could ſpeake, or ſignes could ſhow,
From death he maks eternall life to grow.

The Maiſter-gunner, which beheld his eyes,
Dart fier gainſt death triumphant in his face,
Came to ſuſtaine him, and with courage cryes,
How fares my Knight? worlds glory, martiall grace?
Thine honour, former honours ouer-flyes,
And vnto *Heauen* and *Vertue* bids the bace;
Cheere then thy ſoule, & if deaths wounding paine it,
Abrahams faire boſome lyes to entertaine it.

Maiſter,

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Maiſter, he ſayes, euen heers the opned dore,
Through which my ſpirit bridgroome like muſt ride,
(And then he bard his wounded breſt all gore)
To court the bleſſed virgine Lambe his bride,
VVhoſe innoncence the worlds afflictions bore,
Streaming diuine blood from his ſliced ſide,
And to that heauen my ſoule with courage flyes,
Becauſe vnconquerd, conquering it dyes.

But yet, replyd the Maiſter once againe,
Great vertue of our vertues, ſtriue with Fate,
Yeeld not a minute vnto death, retaine
Life like thy glorie, made to wonder at,
This wounds recouerie well may entertaine
A double triumph to thy conquering ſtate,
And make thee liue immortall Angell bleſt,
Pleaſeth thee ſuffer it be ſearcht and dreſt.

Deſend

Deſcend then gentle *Grimuile* downe below,
Into my Cabbin for a breathing ſpace,
In thee there let thy Surgion ſtanch our woe,
Giuing recuer to thee, our wounded caſe,
Our breaths, frō thy breaths fountaine gently flow,
If it be dried, our currents looſe their grace:
Then both for vs, and thee, and for the beſt,
Deſcend, to haue thy wound bound vp & dreſt.

Maiſter, reply'd the Knight, ſince laſt the ſunne
Lookt from the hieſt period of the sky,
Giuing a ſignall of the dayes mid noone,
Vnto this hower of midnight, valiantly,
From of this vpper deck I haue not runne,
But fought, and freed, and welcomd victorie,
Then now to giue newe couert to mine head,
VVere to reuiue our foes halfe conquered.

Thus

Thus with contrarie arguments they warre,
Diuers in their opinions and their ſpeech,
One ſeeking means, th' other a will to darre,
Yet both one end, and one deſire reach:
Both to keepe honour liuing, plyant are,
Hee by his fame, and he by skilfull leach,
At length, the Maiſter winnes, and hath procurd
The Knight diſcend, to haue his woundings curd.

Downe when he was, and had diſplay'd the port
Through which his life was martching vp to heauen,
Albe the mortall taint all cuers retort,
Yet was his Surgion not of hope bereuen,
But giues him valiant ſpeech of lifes reſort,
Sayes, longer dayes his longer fame ſhall euen,
And for the meanes of his recouerie,
He finds both arte and poſſibilitie.

Misfor-

Misfortune hearing this preſage of life,
(For what but chimes within immortall eares)
VVithin her ſelfe kindles a home-bred ſtrife,
And for thoſe words ỹ Surgions doomes day ſwears
VVith that, her charg'd peece (*Atropos* keene knife,)
Againe ſhe takes, and leueld with diſpairs,
Sent a ſhrill bullet through the Surgions head,
which thence, through *Grimuils* tẽples like was led.

Downe fel the Surgion, hope and helpe was reft,
His death gaue manumition to his ſoule,
Misfortune ſmyld, and euen then ſhee left
The mournfull Ocean, mourner for this dole;
Away ſhee flyes, for all was now bereft,
Both hope and helpe, for life to win deaths gole;
Yet *Grimuile* vnamaz'd, with conſtant faith,
Laughing diſpiſd the ſecond ſtroke of death.

What

Sir Richard Grinuile.

VVhat foole (ſaith he) ads to the Sea a drop,
Lends *Etna* ſparks, or angry ſtormes his wind?
VVho burnes the roote whē lightning fiers the top?
VVho vnto hell, can worſe then hell combind?
Pale hungry Death, thy greedy longings ſtop,
Hope of long life is banefull to my mind:
Yet hate not life, but lothe captiuitie,
Where reſts no truſt to purchaſe victorie.

Then vp he came with feeble pace againe,
Strength frō his blood, blood frō his woūds deſcen-
Saies, here I liu'd, & here wil I ſuſtaine, (ding,
The worſt of Deaths worſt, by my fame defending,
And then he fell to warre with might and maine,
Valure on death moſt valiantly depending,
And thus continued aye coragiouſly,
Vntill the day chaſt ſhadowes from the sky.

But

But when the mornings dewie locks drunke vp
A miſtie moyſture from the Oceans face,
Then might he ſee the ſource of ſorrowes cup,
Plainly prefigur'd in that hatefull place:
And all the miſeries that mortals ſup
From their great Grandſire *Adams* band, diſgrace;
For all that did incircle him, was his foe,
And that incircled, modell of true woe.

His maſts were broken, and his tackle torne,
His vpper worke hew'd downe into the Sea,
Naught of his ſhip aboue the ſourge was borne,
But euen leueld with the Ocean lay,
Onely the ſhips foundation (yet that worne)
Remaind a trophey in that mighty fray;
Nothing at all aboue the head remained,
Either for couert, or that force maintained.

Powder

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Powder for ſhot, was ſpent and waſted cleane,
Scarce ſeene a corne to charge a peece withall,
All her pykes broken, halfe of his beſt men ſlaine,
The reſt ſore wounded, on Deaths Agents call,
On th'other ſide, her foes in ranks remaine,
Diſplaying multitudes, and ſtore of all
VVhat euer might auaile for victorie,
Had they not wanted harts true valiancie.

When *Grinuile* ſaw his deſperate drierie caſe,
Meerely diſpoyld of all ſucceſ-full thought,
Hee calls before him all within the place,
The Maiſter, Maiſter-gunner, and them taught
Rules of true hardiment to purchaſe grace;
Showes thē the end their trauailes toile had bought,
How ſweet it is, ſwift *Fame* to ouer-goe,
How vile to diue in captiue ouerthrow.

Gallants

Gallants (he ſaith) ſince three a clock laſt noone,
Vntill this morning, fifteene howers by courſe,
We haue maintaind ſtoute warre, and ſtill vndoone
Our foes aſſaults, and driue them to the worſe,
Fifteene *Armados* boardings haue not wonne
Content or eaſe, but beene repeld by force,
Eight hundred Cannon ſhot againſt our ſide,
Haue not our harts in cowards colours died.

Not fifteene thouſand men araungd in fight,
And fifteene howers lent them to atchiue,
VVith fifty three great ſhips of boundleſſe might,
Haue had or meanes or proweſſe to contriue
The fall of one, which mayden vertue dight,
Kept in deſpight of *Spaniſh* force aliue.
Then liſt to mee you imps of memorie,
Borne to aſſume to immortalitie.

Sith

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Sith looſing, we vnloſt keepe ſtrong our praiſe,
And make our glories, gaynours by our ends,
Let not the hope of howers (for tedious dayes
Vnto our liues no larger circuite lends)
Confound our wondred actions and aſſayes,
VVhereon the ſweete of mortall eares depends,
But as we liue by wills victorious,
So let vs die victours of them and vs.

VVee that haue mercileſſe cut Mercies wings,
And muffeld pittie in deaths miſtie vale,
Let vs implore no mercie; pittyings,
But from our God, deere fauour to exhale
Our ſoules to heauen, where all the Angells rings
Renowne of vs, and our deepe tragick tale;
Let vs that cannot liue, yet liue to dye,
Vnthrald by men, fit tropheys for the skye.

And thus reſolu'd ſince other meane is reſt,
Sweet Maiſter-gunner, ſplit our keele in twaine,
We cannot liue, whom hope of life hath left,
Dying, our deaths more glorious liues retaine,
Let not our ſhip, of ſhame and foile bereft,
Vnto our foe-men for a prize remaine;
Sinke her, and ſinking with the *Greeke* wee'le cry,
Beſt not to be, or beeing ſoone to dye.

Scarſe had his words tane wings frō his deare tong,
But the ſtout Maiſter-gunner, euer ritch
In heauenlie valure and repulſing wrong,
Proud that his hands by action might inritch
His name and nation with a worthie ſong,
Tow'rd his hart higher then Eagles pitch,
And inſtantlie indeuours to effect
Grimoiles deſier, by ending Deaths defect.

But

But th'other Maiſter, and the other Mat's,
Diſented from the honour of their minds,
And humbly praïd the Knight to rue their ſtat's,
VVhom miſerie to no ſuch miſcheife binds;
To him th'aleadge great reaſons, and dilat's
Their foes amazements, whom their valures blinds,
And maks more eager t'entertaine a truce,
Then they to offer words for warres excuſe.

They ſhow him diuers gallant men of might,
VVhoſe wounds not mortall, hope gaue of recuer,
For their ſaks ſue they to diuorce this night
Of deſperate chaunce, calld vnto Deaths black lure,
Their lẽgthned liues, their coũtries cares might right,
And to their Prince they might good hopes aſſure.
Thẽ qd. the Captaine, (deere Knight) do not ſpill,
The liues whom gods and Fat's ſeeke not to kill.

And where thou ſayſt the *Spanyards* ſhall not braue,
T'haue tane one ſhip due to our virgin Queene,
O know, that they, nor all the world can ſaue,
This wounded Barke, whoſe like no age hath ſeene,
Sixe foote ſhee leaks in hold, three ſhot beneath the (waue,
All whoſe repaire ſo inſufficient beene,
That when the Sea ſhall angrie worke begin,
Shee cannot chuſe but ſinke and dye therein.

Beſides, the wounds and bruſings which ſhe beares,
Are ſuch, ſo manie, ſo incurable,
As to remoue her from this place of feares,
No force, no wit, no meane, nor man is able;
Then ſince that peace proſtrate to vs repaires,
Vnleſſe our ſelues, our ſelues make miſerable,
Herculeen Knight, for pittie, pittie lend,
No fame conſiſts in wilfull deſperat end.

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Theſe words with emphaſis and action ſpent,
Mou'd not Sir *Richard*, but inrag'd him more,
To bow or yeeld, his hart would neare relent,
Hee ſtill impungs all thought of lifes reſtore;
The Maiſter-gunner, euer doth conſent
To act his wiſh, ſwearing in beds of gore
Death is moſt louelie, ſweete and amiable,
But captiu'd life for foulenes admirable.

The Captayne, ſeeing words could take no place,
Turnes backe from them vnto the liuing few,
Expounds what pittie is, what victors grace;
Bids them them ſelues, them ſelues in kindnes rew,
Peace if they pleaſe, will kindlie them imbrace,
And they may liue, from whom warres glory grew;
But if they will to deſperate end conſent,
Their guilty ſoules too late ſhall mourne repent.

The ſillie men, which ſought but liuing ioyes,
Cryes to the Captaine for an honord truce,
Life they deſire, yet no life that deſtroyes
Their wonne renownes, but ſuch as might excuſe
Their woes, their wounds, and all what els anoyes
Beautie of laude, for other they refuſe;
All which the Captaine ſwears they ſhal obtaine,
Becauſe their foes, in doubtfull ſtates remaine.

O when Sir *Richard* ſaw them ſtart aſide,
More chaynd to life then to a glorius graue,
And thoſe whom hee ſo oft in dangers tryde,
Now trembling ſeeke their hatefull liues to ſaue,
Sorrow and rage, ſhame, and his honors pride,
Choking his ſoule, madly compeld him raue,
Vntill his rage with vigor did confound
His heauie hart, and left him in a ſwound.

Sir Richard Grinuile.

The Maiſter-gunner, likewiſe ſeeing Fate
Bridle his fortune, and his will to die,
With his ſharpe ſword ſought to ſet ope the gate,
By which his ſoule might from his body flie,
Had not his freends perforce preſeru'd his ſtate,
And lockt him in his Cabbin, ſafe to lie,
Whilſt others ſwarm'd where hapleſſe *Grinuile* lay,
By cryes recalling life, late runne away.

In this too reſtleſſe turmoile of vnreſt,
The poore *Reuenges* Maiſter ſtole away,
And to the *Spaniſh* Admirall adreſt
The dolefull tidings of this mournfull day,
(The *Spaniſh* Admirall who then opreſt,
Houering with doubt, not daring t'end the fray,)
And pleads for truce, w souldiour-like ſubmiſſion,
Anexing to his words a ſtraight condition.

Alfonſo

Alfonſo, willing to giue end to armes,
For well he knew *Grinuile* would neuer yeild,
Albe his power ſtoode like vnnumbred ſwarmes,
Yet daring not on ſtricter tearmes to build,
Hee offers all what may alay their harmes
Saſetie of liues, nor any thrall to weild,
Free from the Gallie, priſonment, or paine,
And ſafe returne vnto their ſoyle againe.

To this he yeelds, as well for his owne ſake,
Whom deſperate hazard might indamage ſore,
As for deſier the famous Knight to take,
Whom in his hart he ſeemed to deplore,
And for his valure halfe a God did make,
Extolling him all other men before,
Admiring with an honourable hart,
His valure, wiſdome, and his Souldiours Art.

VVith

Sir Richard Grinuile.

VVith peacefull newes the Maiſter backe returns,
And rings it in the liuing remnants eares,
They all reioyce, but *Grinuile* deadly mourns,
He frets, he ſighs, he ſorrowes and deſpaires,
Hee cryes, this truce, their fame and bliſſe adiourns,
He rents his locks, and all his garments teares,
He vowes his hands ſhal rent the ſhip in twaine,
Rather then he will *Spaniſh* yoke ſuſtaine.

The few reſeru'd, that life eſteem'd too well,
Knowing his words were warrants for his deede,
Vnkindly left him in that monſtrous hell,
And fled vnto *Alfonſo* with great ſpeede.
To him their Chieftaines mightines they tell,
And how much valure on his ſoule doth feede,
That if preuention, not his actions dim,
Twill be too late to ſaue the ſhyp or him.

Baſſan

The tragedy of

Baſſan made proude, vnconquering t'ouer-come,
Swore the braue Knight nor ſhip he would not loſe,
Should all the world in a petition come:
And therefore of his gallants, fortie choſe
To board Sir *Richard*, charging them be dombe
From threatning words, from anger, & from bloes,
But with all kindnes, honor, and admire,
To bring him thence, to further *Fames* deſire.

Sooner they boarded not the crazed Barke,
But they beheld where ſpeechleſſe *Grinuile* lay,
All ſmeard in blood, and clouded in the darke
Contagious curtaine of Deaths tragick day;
They wept for pittie, and yet ſilent marke
VVhether his lungs ſent liuing breath away,
VVhich when they ſaw in ayrie blaſts to flie,
They ſtriu'd who firſt ſhould ſtanch his miſery.

Anon

Sir Richard Grinuile.

Anon came life, and lift his eye-lids vp,
Whilſt they with teares denoũce their Generals wil,
VVhoſe honord minde ſought to retort the cup
Of Deaths ſad poyſon, well inſtruckt to kill:
Tells him what fame and grace his eyes might ſup
From *Baſſans* kindnes, and his Surgions skill,
Both how he lou'd him, and admir'd his fame,
To which he ſought to lend a liuing flame.

Aye mee (quoth *Grinuile*) ſimple men, I know
My bodie to your Generall is a pray,
Take it, and as you pleaſe my lyms beſtow,
For I reſpect it not, tis earth and clay:
But for my minde that mightier much doth grow,
To heauen it ſhall, deſpight of *Spaniſh* ſway.
This ſaid, ore-come with anguiſh & with paine,
Hee ſwounded, and did neuer ſpeake againe.

They

They tooke him vp, and to theyr Generall brought
His mangled carkaſſe, but vnmaimed minde,
Three dayes hee breath'd, yet neuer ſpake he ought,
Albe his foes were hũble, ſad, & kinde; (bought,
The fourth, came downe the Lambe that all ſoules
And his pure part, from worſer parts refind,
Bearing his ſpirite vp to the loftie skyes,
Leauing his body, wonder to wonders eyes.

VVhen *Baſſan* ſaw the Angell-ſpirite fled,
VVhich lent a mortall frame immortall thought,
With pittie, griefe, and admiration led,
He mournfully complaind what Fat's had wrought,
VVoe me (he cryes) but now aliue, now dead,
But now inuincible, now captiue brought:
In this, vniuſt are Fat's, and Death declared,
That mighty ones, no more thẽ mean are ſpared.

You

Sir Richard Grinuile.

You powers of heauen, rayne honour on his hearſe,
And tune the Cherubins to ſing his fame,
Let Infants in the laſt age him rehearſe,
And let no more, honour be Honors name:
Let him that will obtaine immortall vearſe,
Conquer the ſtile of *Grinuile* to the ſame.
For till that fire ſhall all the world conſume,
Shall neuer name, with *Grinuils* name preſume.

Reſt then deere ſoule, in thine all-reſting peace,
And take my teares for tropheys to thy tombe,
Let thy loſt blood, thy vnloſt fame increaſe,
Make kingly eares thy praiſes ſecond wombe:
That when all tongues to all reports ſurceaſe,
Yet ſhall thy deeds, out-liue the day of doome.
For euen Angels, in the heauens ſhall ſing,
Grinuile vnconquerd died, ſtill conquering.

FINIS. *O vtinam.*

WHat became of the *Reuenge* after Sir *Richards* death, diuers report diuerſly, but the moſt probable and ſufficient proofe ſayth, that within fewe dayes after the Knights death, there aroſe a great ſtorme from the VVeſt and North-weſt, that all the Fleet was diſperced, aſwell the *Indian* Fleet, which were then come vnto them, as all the reſt of the *Armada*, which attended their ariuall; of vvhich fourteene ſayle, together with the *Reuenge*, and in her two hundred *Spanyards*, were caſt away vppon the Ile of S. *Michaels*; ſo it pleaſed them to honour the buriall of that renowned Ship the *Reuenge*, not ſuffering her to perriſh alone, for the great honour ſhee atchiued in her life time.

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